— see p. 2639 — 2640 —

What My Lover Said—

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom
In the orchard path he met me
In the tall wet grass with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass but he made no room.
Oh! I tried — but he would not let me,
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red
With my face bent down above it;
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom — how I love it!

Homer Greene

This Poem got its inception in the orchard path on my fathers farm in the year 1878. The lady was cousin Fanny Cummings of Honesdale who died in 1881.

Some of the old fashioned home remedies for general ills.

One of the best ointments for the relief of pain is the mixture of lard and turpentine

2 table-spoon fulls of turpentine in water as hot as can be bourn is called turpentine stupe is best for bathing a sprained joint. a cloth wrung from hot turpentine water will kill parasites in ring-worm.

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